

THE
NORTHERN STAR:
A
POEM:

On the Great and Glorious ACTIONS of
the present

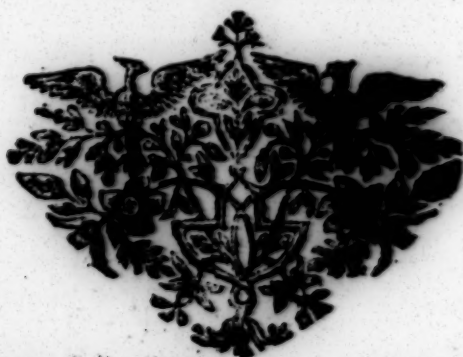
CZAR of RUSSIA;

In ENGLISH and LATIN.

Dei quantum instar in illo!

Vida.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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A
POEM.





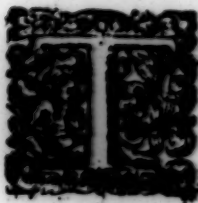
To the most Noble PRINCE,

J A M E S,

Duke of *HAMILTON*,

BRANDON, &c.

My LORD,

HE general Approbation, which this POEM of my Brother's, has met with in *England*, made me earnestly desirous to translate it into a Language,



Illustrissimo & Potentissimo
Principi & Duci de
HAMILTON & BRANDON.

ILLLA penè universa Anglorum Ap-
probatio, quâ jamdudum fruuntur
sequentia fratris nostri carmina, me ve-
hementè affecit desiderio illa in Latinam
vertendi linguam, quippe quæ ubiq; gentium bene
cognita, atq; perspecta, illorum famam hujus In-
sule

vi DEDICATION.

guage, which being every where understood, might spread it wider than our Island.

I F the Delight, I have taken in the Work, has not hinder'd me from discovering my Errors, the Translation is as literal, as it was possible to be, regarding the different Idioms of the Tongues, and preserving the Respect, due to the Classical Latin ; at least, I should be sorry to have done too much Injustice to a Poem, I am so fond of, and the Translation of which I attempted with double Pleasure, for the Honour, I propos'd myself, of putting it under Your Grace's Protection :

IN

DEDICATIO. vii

sulæ finibus, nimium sanè exiguis, continere prohiberet.

Siquidem mira illa delectatio, quam hoc ex opere percepi, non me impediverit, quominus proprios ipse errores explora-verim, singula quæq; carmina ita admissim reddidi latina, ut interpres magis esse fidus non possem, salvo utriusq; linguae diverso Idiomate, salvâq; illâ reverentiâ, quæ Antiquorum probatè Romanorum Latinitati debeatur: Hoc saltem affirmare possum, nihil animo meo insidere posse gravius, quàm si injurioso verborum usu efficerem ea carmina, quæ mihi adeo sunt in deliciis, & quæ quidem latinè reddendi in me suscepì Provinciam, novâ atq; majore adductus voluptate, quàm novam hanc Editionem Celsitudini vestræ consecrandam, atq; ejusdem tutelâ cobonestandam esse proponerem.

In hoc certè nobis gloriari licet, quòd Musa nostra fratris gloriæ planè emulatrix, Illum videns illustrissimum, quod Poemati aptum esse posset, Argumentum selegisse, mihi itidem inspiraverit, ut translationem ejusdem Poematis illustrissimo pariter Patrono consecrarem.

Quem-

viii DEDICATION.

I N This, I am sure, I have taken the most effectual way to emulate my Brother: He had chosen for his Poem, the noblest *Subject* in the World; and I, for my Translation, have address'd the noblest *Patron*.

I T is equally impossible to look on Your Grace, without *Pleasure*, and to hear of You, without *Wonder*! There is a *Greatness*, that distinguishes whatever You say, or do, and points You out to our Admiration, more effectually, than Your *Descent* does, Illustrious as it is, and ennobled, by the Blood of *Kings*, in long, successive Generations.

I ne-

Quemadmodum fieri non potest, ut vestra Celsitudinis ora videamus, videntesq; non delectemur, ita etiam fieri nullo modo potest, ut de te aliquid audiamus, audientesq; non admiremur! Quicquid enim aut dicis, aut agis, talem, tamq; prope singularem, nescio quam, cujusdam Amplitudinis speciem præ te semper geris, quæ admirationem nostram vehementius excitat, quàm illustris origo, quantumvis licet illustris, longo multorum quamlibet Principum ordine profecta, magnorumq; quamlibet nobilitata Regum sanguine, posset ipsa excitare.

Quoties mihi in mentem venit Celsitudinis vestra Recordatio, toties mille futurae gloriæ tuæ signi plenus Ego delectatione mihi videor videre; Oculi mei, meherculè, in vestra Celsitudinis ora conversi, quædam, ut ita dicam, oracula in oculis vestris quasi inscripta legunt, quæ te ad ipsius gloriæ summam assequendam natum esse prædicare videntur.

Sit, utinam! ille elapsorum cælitus Bonorum numerus, quo Celsitudinem vestram constipatam semper cernere desidero, illi compar Hominum numero, qui assiduo; justoq; te amore prosequuntur;

b

huiq;

x DEDICATION.

I never think of Your Grace,
but I charm my self with the
Prospect of a Thousand future
Glories, which I read, methinks,
in Your Eyes, that You were
born for the Attainment of.

MAY Your Blessings be equal
to the Number of Those, who
love You, and think of Your
Grace with the same good
Wishes, that I do, who am,

My LORD,

*Your Grace's most Obedient
and devoted Servant,*

GILBERT HILL

DEDICATIO. xi

*quique adeo Tui amantes de Tuâ Celsitudine cogitant,
iisdem bonis pleni votis, quibus plenum est cor
illius, qui*

Celsitudinis vestræ

Obsequentissimum,

Atque Humillimum servum,

Nominare gloriatur

GILBERTUM HILL.



The A U T H O R ' S
P R E F A C E,

THE first Edition of this Poem was publish'd, five-or six Years ago, before the C Z A R had attempted so much as one Sea-Port, on the *Caspian*. The glorious Conquests he has made, since that Time, on the Side of *Georgia* and *Persia*, have given the Air of a *Prophecy* to one Part of the Poem; and the Success, which, unless I greatly deceive myself, the *RUSSIAN* Arms will be crown'd with, in the War, that is now likely to break out, betwixt the C Z A R, and the *Turk*, will, I hope, in the same manner, verify the Muse's Predictions



Authoris Præfatium.

PRIMA hujusce Poematis Editio quinque, vel sex abhinc annis, antè excusa fuit, quàm Cæsar unum Portum mari Calpiano patefactum crexerat, vel quidem moliverat: Illustres illæ victoriæ, quas de Georgiæ populis, Persarumq; nationibus postmodum temporis reportaverit, effecere, ut nonnulla hujus operis carmina aliquam, nescio quam, Vaticinii, ne dicam ominis, faciem præ se gerere videantur. Eventus ille prosperus & felix, qui, ni maxumè fallor, Russæorem arma sequetur, quando initum fuerit bellum illud, quod Cæsarem inter, atq; Turcarum Imperatorem, non ineundum esse non potest, ille, inquam Eventus plane perspicueq; demonstrabit, non vana fuisse Musæ vaticinia, quum, quod jamdudum ab illâ prædictum est, Christianorum turmas Orientem triumphis lustrasse, atq; novi Imperij fundamenta jecisse læti intuebimur.

Aliquid certè, nesciò quid, adeo novum, atq; inusitatum spirat, tamq; feliciter audet miranda hujus Imperatoris virtus, ut nullo negotio credamus, atq; adeo non solum credamus, verum etiam
pene

iii The P R E F A C E

Predictions, with regard to the Establishment of a new *Christian Empire*, in the *East*.

There is something so new, and so enterprising, in the Genius of this Monarch, that it more than makes credible the most prodigious of those Successes, which cast a Lustre on Antiquity: And, without pretending to a deeper Penetration, than I have many Reasons to justify, I see, methinks, when I look but a little forward into Time, a Great and Terrible Dominion, like a Tempest from the *North*, over-spreading the States of *Europe*, with an Inundation of *Fifth Monarchy*.

I have been told by my Friends, that it might be consider'd as an Indiscretion, in an *Englishman*, to chuse such a Subject as This, at a Time, when the Prince it treats of, was not reckon'd in the Number of the best Wishes to our Government --- Let 'em say, if they will, that he is actually our *Enemy*; Are his Merits less shining? Does his Glory depend on his Friendship for *Britain*?

Shameful narrowness of Thought! Is it necessary, to an *English Patriot*, to hate every thing that is *Foreign*? Must the *toto divisos orbe Britannos*, be apply'd to our *Humour*, as well as our *Situation*?

Next

pene certi sumus, omnes esse ab illo res bellicè gerendas, quas aut unquam, aut ullibi bellicâ virtute gestas esse audivimus, & quarum splendore, ornatam nimis antiquorum famam Imperatorum, invidi perspeximus. Neq; quidem mihi arrogo majorem Prospicientiæ copiam, quàm quæ multorum ratione argumentorum comprobari poterit, si illud etiam adjungo, quod Ego, quum in paulatim futuros temporum Exitus oculorum meorum aciem convertor, videor mihi videre ingentem quandam, atq; formidabilem Imperij vim, quæ instar australis procellæ, sensim sine sensu increbescet, quæq; tandem aliquando Europæ Republicas, & Principatus, & Regna, vagâ & expansâ longè lateq; ut ita dicam, Quintuplicis Imperij inundatione submerget.

Ex Amicis meis jamdudum intelligo, mihi vitio verti posse, quod Ego, Natione Anglus, parum sapientiæ meæ, & minus Anglorum gloriæ consulens, tale argumentum elegerim, hoc præsertim tempore, quo Princeps ille, carminibus nostris celebratus, non inter eos numeratur, qui omnem illam, quæ par fortassis, atq; nobis debite exoptanda videatur, publica regni nostri negotia administrantibus salutem exoptant --- Esto mehercule: Cæsarem porro, siquidem velint, vel inimicum, vel hostem, per me licet, appellent: Minusne

v The P R E F A C E.

Next, to possessing Merit *our selves*, it is the noblest Perfection of Nature to admire it in *Others*; but to keep our Ears shut against Renown at a Distance, were a Baseness, vain and brutal; equally distasteful to Humanity and Wisdom. ---- We may talk what we please, of our natural *Advantages*, This *One* natural *Defect*, will over-shadow 'em All. ---- Wou'd a People widen their Power, let 'em enlarge their Conceptions. --- A *Panegyrist* must, sometimes, be oblig'd to stand high, and look *Abroad* for a Subject; If he is always *Domestick*, he will often be contemptible.

Let the Poets, who propose to make a Merchandise of their Muses, poorly paint them with Flattery: For my Part, I prefer the unprofitable Praise of one obscure Good Man, to the concurring Applauses of a Million of *Time-servers*, who either never think at all, or must blush in their Solitude, for the Opinions they maintain in Publick.

Authoris Præfatium. vi

nusne scilicet fulget Imperatoris illius magnorum fama meritorum? Ergone solummodo ab amicitia singulari in Britannos demonstrata, omnis Imperatoris gloriæ summa pendet? Proh pudor! Quàm angusti, quàmq; sordidus ille conceptus animi? Enimverò Quis tam injustus rerum Æstimator necesse esse affirmaverit, ut Britannici Patriæ Britannicæ Patres, quicquid est Extraneum, illud idem, quia extraneum, odio prosequantur? Parumne igitur sapientes, quia dictum est, nos esse toto divisos Orbe Britannos, dictum illud non tantum loco, in quo siti vivimus, sed Indoli cui-dam etiam quasi ferociter nobis a naturâ insitæ, tribuendum esse probabimus?

Virtuti illi, quæ propria merita ab alijs jure merito prædicata audire & potest, & debet, virtus illa quidem profectò est proxima, quæ efficit, ut aliorum bene gesta miremur, aliorum merita etiam a nobis esse prædicanda judicemus. At vero, si gloriæ remotis utcunq; regionibus partæ notitia ad nos perveniret, & surdas audientium aures inveniret, esset ista quidem in nostratibus affectatio & sordida, & vana, & ferina, & quæ neq; prudentiæ, neq; humanitatis odorem saperet. De illis & virtutibus, & commodis, quæ nobis a naturâ data sunt, uti volumus, lo-

c

quamur

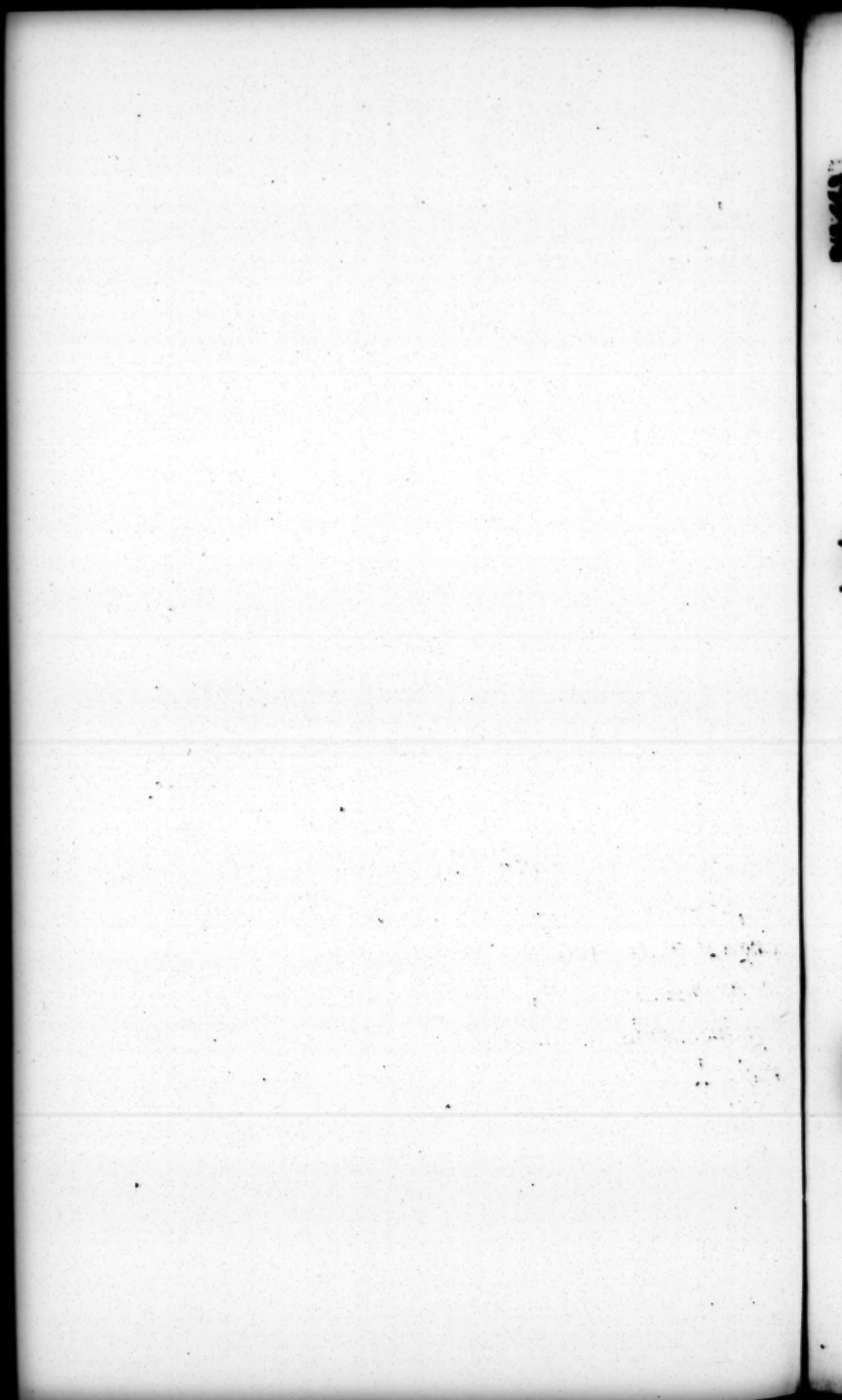
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Authoris Præfatium. vii

quamur; verum enimvero Ille unus Error, si modo ille unus sit nobis etiam a naturâ insitus, omneis alias penitus obruet, extinguetq; virtutes. Num populi, quâcunq; de gente nati, hoc multum desiderant, uti nimirum pateat longe lateq; pervagata quasi per orbem illorum potestas? In promptu est quid respondeam: in hoc est eis potissimum elaborandum, ut generosos animorum suorum conceptus aperte, atq; liberaliter expandant. Ille, qui Panegyricum scribere instituit, debet nonnunquam locum eligere eminentem, atq; inde forinsecus de longe oculos projicere, si aptum numeris argumentum invenire velit: Nam siquidem Domestica facta celebrando, semper fuerit Poeta contentus, non sæpe Poetam fugiet Contemptus.

Quicumq; sibi sordidam mercedem ex generosâ Musarum benevolentia depromendam, atq; extorquendam esse, proponunt, illas Illi, si velint, pingant vates sordidis adulationum coloribus. Ad me quantum attinet, hoc affirmare possum, quod Ego incomodas unius obscuro, atq; humili loco hominis laudes, dummodo probitate clarus fuerit, existinem longe esse anteponendas, laudibus millium Assentatorum, qui in mutatis temporibus mutati, vel nunquam sibi tempus cogitandi indulgent, vel debent erubescere, cum clam cogitant de illis rebus, quas non erubescunt, sed gloriantur palam predicare.





THE
NORTHERN STAR:
A
POEM.





THE
NORTHREN STAR.

BORN in an Age, when Virtue's Vigour
faints,
Where Praise is dumb, or speaks, as
Change prevails;

Where strug'ling Courage stoops to Want's Controul,
And Fortune's every Tide o'erwhelms the Soul;
Where hard-press'd Poverty the Contest flies,
And, with low Flattery, shameful Succour buys;
Where ill-judg'd Worth, by Power, and Wealth
is weigh'd,
And servile Poets make their Art a Trade:

Rise,



STELLA BOREALIS.



*AEVO nata, labat quo vis Probitatis,
& Aequi,*

*Quo Laus muta silet, loquitur-ve, ut
Tempora suadent,*

Quo virtus invita malis succumbit iniquis,

Fortunæq; vices immergunt robora mentis;

Quo gravis evitat durum certamen Egestas,

Blanditiisq; pudenda petit solatia fœdis;

*Quo male spectatum meritum, vi, opibusq; proba-
tur,*

Et servi faciunt Artis commercia vates:

Rise, generous Muse, and let the Wand'ers know,
 'Tis base to praise, where they no Praises owe;
 That Justice scorns an undue Fame to sell,
 And nothing claims Renown, but doing well;
 That He dishonours Verse, who bows his Theme
 To Great Men's Fortune, or to Rich Men's Flegm;
 That, thro' all Forms, the Muse shou'd Merit trace,
 A Blessing! unconfin'd to Rank, or Place:
 That narrow Minds conceive not Vertue right,
 And Worlds, not Realms, shou'd be the Poet's
 Flight.

EXTEND thy Truth-plum'd Wings, unbiass'd
 Muse,

Discern with Caution, but with Boldness chuse;
 If, in some dusky Corner, thou shalt find
 A ragged Fortune hide a noble Mind,
 Disperse the Cloud, and be the Labour Thine,
 To teach such shamefac'd Vertue, how to shine.

*Musa, indignanti similis consurge, veterum
 Excute, & Errones viles, scurrasq; doceto,
 Esse nefas laudare, quibus non debita laus est;
 Horrere immeritam pretio divendere famam,
 Nec quicquam meruisse decus, nisi facta bonorum;
 Illum dedecori numeris, qui cepta secundis
 Magnorum rebus submittit carmina, bili
 Illorum ve, tument queis plena araria gazis;
 Querere per cunctas meriti vestigia formas,
 Hâc quod classe bonum, nec eâ, sed ubique peten-
 dum est;*

*Quod virtutem angusti animi non cernere nôrunt,
 Extentosq; Orbes canerent, non Regna, Poeta.*

*Sinceras expande alas, ô Musa fidelis,
 Quaecunq; aggredieris, partes meditare per omnes
 Antè animo prudens, ast cepta urgere memento
 Conatu audaci; Terræ quâcunq; videbis
 Parte infelices pannos obducere menti
 Præclaræ tenebras, nubes dispelle, tibiq;
 Cara sit, ut doceas virtutem ardere pudicam.*

Aut

O R, where thou seest some wealthy Churl with-
hold

Th' enliv'ning use of his imprison'd Gold,
If, meanly proud, the Wretch disdains to weigh
The Wise Man's Wants, against the treasur'd Clay,
With pointed Satyr, pierce his stubborn Soul,
Till Sense of Shame does Pride of Heart controll.

O'ER Statesmen's Actions keep a watchful Eye,
The Stains, they make, assume the blackest Dye;
If, rais'd by Chance, some Wretch, not form'd for
Sway,
Exerts the cover'd Beast, and hunts for Prey;
If, all untaught in Power, he drives with Rage,
And, blustering, shakes his temporary Stage;
Whisper unwelcome Notice in his Ear,
That, where Abuse spreads wide, Revenge is near;
But stay! To nobler Aims address thy View,
And mark the mighty Deeds, which Monarchs do;
Their

*Aut quemcumque, vides tristem, cui dives opum vis,
 Auri letificum munus cohibere sepulti,
 Si miser, abjectè tumidus, sapientis Egeni,
 Defectum posito refugit componere cæno,
 Illi animam stimulis Satyræ compesce rebellem,
 Dùm sensus tandem vincat fera corda pudoris.*

*Cerne vigil, cura est queis credita publica rerum,
 Crimina, quæ vitient ipsos, aterrima sordent,
 Si miser evectus fors quis, non natus ad alta,
 Exerit ipse feram, sequiturq; indagine prædam;
 Si, rudis omninò sceptri, furiosus agit Rem,
 Orchestramq; ferox quatit actor perbrevis ævi;
 Auribus insinua, monitusq; adijunge salubres,
 Quòd, mala cùm latè serpant, vicina furore
 Est Nemesis comitata suo; ad majora revertè
 Nunc oculos, sequere & Regum sublimia facta;*

Regis

Their good Example sways unfix'd Mankind,
And dim-ey'd Princes make whole Nations blind.

WHEN God-like CÆSAR rul'd ungrateful *Rome*,
And budding Empire shot a fragrant Bloom :
His Virtues made those Slaves more blest than He,
Who murder'd Him, to be, unsafely, free ;
When bloody *Nero* fill'd that CÆSAR's Throne,
Corrupted Justice durst no Virtue own ;
Degenerate ROME became the Villain's Post,
And He was safest, there, whose Guilt was most.

UNDREADING, therefore, when occasion calls,
Enter proud Palace's imperious Walls ;
There, good, or ill, detect the reigning Fact,
For Truth is Truth, however Princes act.

SUBLIMELY fir'd, I snatch the glorious Aim,
'Tis great, indeed, to give the Royal Fame !

But

*Regis ad exemplum vulgus componitur aequi,
Dum Reges lippi involvunt caligine gentes.:*

*Martius ingratam cum Romam CÆSAR habebat,
Imperium & gemmans flores spiravit odoros,
Regis opus, dotēsque animi, perperere triumphos
Servis, extinxere virum qui morte cruentâ,
Libertate frui, bene quæ non tuta, putantes;
Cumque Nero Sceptris successit sanguinis auctor,
Nullas virtutes ausa est Themis emptâ fateri;
Degener at sedes sceleris fuit aurea Roma,
Et primas tenuit, virtuti infestior hostis.*

*Audax ergo animi nil territa, cum ipsa vocat res,
Magnorum ingredi imperiosa Palatia Regum;
Pande opus hic princeps, seu fanctum, sive nefandum,
Nam Verum est Verum, faciant utcunque Tyranni.*

*Sublimè accensus, rapio memorabile cæptum,
Est aliquid, certè, regnantibus addere famam!*

But where, O spotless Light of Reason's Eye!
 Where, among Princes, shall I Vertue spy?
 Shall my own Sovereign's Praise enrich my Lines?
 No---- with known Force domestick Glory shines:
 Vain were the Thought, and needless the Design,
 To say to Angels, Heaven is all Divine.

NORTHWARD, unbridled Muse, direct thy Flight,
 Where a new Sun adorns the Land of Night:
 Where Arts, and Arms a rising Empire found,
 Doom'd to refine the World, and girt it round.
 Thou, mighty CZAR, in that contracted Name,
 Shalt outweigh CÆSAR, in thy Power, and Fame!
 Led by thy forming Hand, Victorious still,
 And almost new-created, by thy Skill;
 Intrepid Legions wait thy doomful Nod,
 As Hosts, from *Moses*, watch'd the Will of GOD.

THOU

Verum ubi, divinæ lux ô purissima mentis!

Est vacuis Regum virtutem cernere in Aulis?

Principis ornabunt nostri mea carmina laudes?

Non ita --- Honos noto splendore domesticus ardet:

Nec magis hoc refert, quàm cæli ferre ministris,

Quòd totum impletur divino lumine cœsum.

Libera Musa, fugam Boreales tende sub oras,

Phæbus ubi terram penitus caligine mersam

Ignè novo fulgens illustrat; ubi arma, subortum

Imperiumq; artes firmant, per fata statutum

Sub leges Orbem meliores mittere totum:

O tu CZARRE ingens! contracto nomine in illo,

CÆSARIS excedes famam, dextramq; potentem!

Te ducente, ferunt victricia signa cohortes,

Ingenioq; tuo quod debent, pænè renatæ,

Intrepide expectant nutu te jussa ferentem,

Copie ut Isacidum divinæ oracula mentis

Legiferi vigilēs inhiabant Mosis ab ore.

THOU Godlike Object of my Muse's Praise,
 Thou, best invok'd! inspire my rising Lays!
 Kindle my glowing Soul with Fire, like Thine,
 And lend me Blaze, to make thy Wonders shine:
 Tho' right to mark how tow'ring Eagles fly,
 Requires the sharpness of an Eagle's Eye;
 Tho' high-rai'd View does best a Prospect show,
 Which he can ill describe, who stands too low;
 Yet, if aspiring to the Theme, I find
 Thy Glory's Lustre strike my op'ning Mind;
 O Prince! the grateful Arrogance forgive!
 No genuine Muse, so charm'd, can silent live.

PERISH that narrow Pride, from Custom grown,
 That makes Men blind to Merits, not their own;
 BRITON, and RUSSIAN, differ but in Name,
 In Nature's Sense, all Nations are the same;

Tu, nostri argumentum ingens, Dux magne, laboris,

Tu, primum orandus ! numeris surgentibus adsis !

Pectora cognatis succende ardentia flammis,

Ardore ut simili spargam tua mira per orbem ;

Quamvis difficile est Aquilæ observare volatum,

Lumina nî affuerint Aquilæ penetrantia ; quamvis

Arduum opus fuerit, præcelsa cacumina montis,

Inferius stanti, justo depingere versu ;

Si tamèn, affecto dum ingentia dicere cepta,

Percutit inmissis radijs tua nota patentem

Fama animum, grato, Princeps, ignosce furori ;

Quis verus sileat Musarum, ita raptus, alumans.

Ab ! tenuis pereat fastus, mos cujus origo est,

Qui docet humanas, merita haud expendere, mentes,

Nî sua sint ; Russi, & Britones modò nomine distant,

Ex Naturâ omnes similes sunt undiq; gentes ;

Unius

One Universe claims one Creator's Care,
And Man is Reason's Subject every where.

WHILE untrac'd NILE with swelling Torrent
 strays,
And Oozy Wealth, in annual Floods, conveys,
Memphia's rich Plains confess'd Improvement
 know,
And to the spreading Stream huge Harvests owe;
Yet does not *Egypt*, singly, praise the *Nile*,
Which, greatly partial, does on *Egypt* smile;
Egypt, and all the World the River claim,
Egypt, in Influence, and the World, in Fame,
So RUSSIA, nearest, feels the inbred Heat,
But the warm'd World, the distant Brightness greet.

AGES, obscurely pass'd, unmark'd by Fame,
Had almost robb'd this Empire of its Name;
Unmeasur'd States lay hid in Noiseless Reign,
And RUSSIA took up half our World in vain;

Weakly

*Unius auctoris curam unus postulat Orbis,
Et mortale genus Rationi inservit ubiq;.*

*Dùm dubius tumidis NILUS torrentibus errat,
Limosaq; vehit solenni flumine gazas,
Agnoscent usum fecundum Memphidos agri
Et debent largas segetes manantibus undis;
Non tamen Ægyptus laudat tantummodò Nilum,
Quanquam præ cunctis Ægypto arrideat oris,
Ægyptus fluvium, fluvium simul arrogat Orbis,
Ægypto fruges, Orbi largitur honorem:
RUSSIA sic ignes innatos proxima sentit,
Verùm ardens Orbis gestit splendore remoto.*

*Plurima in obscurâ latuère ingloria famâ
Sæcla, & Cimmeriüs penè involvère tenebris
Immensi imperij faciem, nec noscere tractus
Fas fuit immanes, frustra; impleverat Orbem
RUSSIA dimidium; tardoq; infecta veterno,*

Pondus

Weakly inspir'd, the Mass did slowly roll,
 Like some huge Giant, with a Pigmy's Soul;
 Till rip'ning Time an equal Genius sent,
 Divinely siz'd, to suit the vast Event:
 He breath'd prolifick Vigour o'er the Land,
 And moulded Order with his skilful Hand:
 The swelling Energy of Power spread wide,
 And bore down proud Obstruction, like a Tide;
 In sudden State a dreadful Empire rose,
 Which, late, no Hope, and now, no Danger knows;
 In Marble Quarries, thus, to swell their Gain,
 Men blow up hollow Rocks, with nitrous Grain;
 Too weak, at first, the Blast oft fails its End,
 And frustrate Clouds, with forceless Flash, ascend;
 But when well suited to the Cavern's size,
 A stronger Heap th' experienc'd Artist tries;
 No more, in vain, th' expanded Thunder breaks,
 But bursting all, impetuous Passage makes;

The

Pondus iners veluti moles molimine lento
Se tulit ; imbutus Pygmæâ mente Gigas sic
Se ægrè movisset : Tandem volventibus annis
Nobilis effulsit Genius, qui cuncta stupendo
Ingenio in melius retulit felicibus orsis ;
Ille solo lætas vires perflavit, inerti
Evoluitq; Chaos formâ, tristiq; ruinâ :
Vim sceptri effundit longè latèq; tumentem,
Cunctaq; torrenti similis, obstacula vertit :
Horrendum imperium subito splendore vigeat,
Cui spes nulla fuit nuper, discrimina terrent
Nullaq; jam firmum : Parüs sic sæpe fodinis,
Spe lucri, immanes nitrato pulvere rupes
Mortales diffiant ; primus si fractior ictus
Laferit, imbelli ascendant & fulgure nubes
In celum vanæ, fumis & langueat aër ;
Ast artis doctus fidum cùm explorat acervum,
Et prudens patulæ conformat ad ora cavernæ ;
Amplius haud frustra displosa tonitrua rumpunt,

The groaning Mountain nods with rugged State,
 And yields, reluctant, to its forceful Fate;
 The Cave, unroof'd, with sudden Splendour bright,
 Glitters with mingled Rocks, and new-born Light.

DID not, O Prince, thy Love of Arts soft
 Charms,

Ungrind the keener Influence of thy Arms,
 Well might the jealous World malign thy Sway,
 And, anxious, wink against thy Stream of Day;
 But thy great Soul has taught thee, that the Brave
 Wish not to conquer, but with View to save;
 That 'tis a Monarch's Task, to steer his Reign,
 Betwixt the wild Extreams of *mean* and *vain*,
 To curb Presumption's Childhood with Restraint,
 And punish Treason, while 'tis call'd Complaint:
 The noblest Way to make his Subjects free,
 They safe in Property, in Empire, He

KNOW

*Aëra præcepſq; inſultus quatit omnia circum;
 Mons gemit horrendum nutans, triſtiq; reluctans
 Concedit fato, ingentem trahit atq; ruinam;
 Antrum detectum, nitidum fulgore coruſco,
 Immixtis rutilat ſaxis, & luce recenti.*

*Artium amor dulcis ſi non tua martia, Princeps,
 Arma emolliret, certè arma boreſceret Orbis
 Non ſine cauſâ eger; ſua lumina clauderet undans
 Ad jubar inſolitum, tantæ laud patientiæ lucis;
 Verùm acies animi docuit te virida, Fortes
 Tantùm, devictos ut ſervent, vincere velle;
 Curam eſſe illius, qui regni ſelectit habenas,
 Inter utrumq; tenere viam, tollit nec inanes
 In ventos, nec humi preſſam demittere mentem;
 Veſanum in cunis fræno cohibere furorem,
 Et ſpes audaces; prius atq; domare querelas,
 Quàm Majestatem ledant; Hæc maxima certe
 Eſt libertatem populis via juraq; dandi,
 Cuiq; ſuum eſtutum, Regi quoq; tuta Potestas.*

Sacrum

KNOWLEDGE, with Joy, should consecrate
to Fame,

The lucid Clearness of her Champion's Flame;

His double-grasping Hand, at once, displays

The Martial Laurel, and the peaceful Bays:

Beneath his Shade, where no bold Tempests blow,

Safely they twine together, as they grow;

Not so, of old, when fierce in horrid Arms,

The needy North pour'd forth her *Gothick* Swarms;

Roughly they warr'd on Worth, they cou'd not
taste,

And blindly laid the Tracts of Learning waste;

This Heaven remember'd, and with kind Com-
mand,

Call'd for Attonement from the barb'rous Land:

The conscious Prince, disdainful of the Crime,

Guiltless, springs forward, to uncurse his Clime;

And nobly vows, to teach the Nations more,

Than the World's Empire, ruin'd, lost before.

Sacrum det Famae bene leta Scientia nomen -
Herois, sacrum det Famae Herois & ignem,
Qui sine labe nitet; Victrices dextera lauros,
Lavaq; paciferae frondis protendit honores;
Utraq; se nutrit, viret utraq; planta sub umbram
Illius, haec illi, huic illa amplexibus haerens,
Nec metuit tonitru, tempestatesq; sonoras:
Non ita praeteritis saeculis, cum tristibus armis
Nimbos Gotharum Boreas effudit egenus;
Usq; rudes meriti, in meritum fera bella gerebant,
Vastabantq; omnes Doctrinae funditus arces;
Sed Pater omnipotens hujus non immemor, almas
Spes dedit, & versis nituit gens effera fati;
Non tulit ulterius Princeps squalere veterno
Conscius indignans late regnare per urbes
Barbariem sedam, emicuit, statuitq; referre
In patriam amissas neglectae Palladis artes,
Orbis & imperij veteres sarcire ruinas.

Illustrare

ILLUSTRIOUS Nature! Fitly fram'd for Power!
 So Gods, for Incense, did their Blessings shower!
 So *Russia's* Chief, Himself a God in This,
 Rewards Subjection with unmeasur'd Bliss!
 How vast the Engine! and the Force how great,
 That can so swiftly move such pond'rous Weight!
 Enormous Man! who, while his boundless Sway
 O'erspreads a Crowd of Nations every way;
 Measures not Greatness, by his Country's Length,
 Nor will to kneeling Millions owe his Strength,
 But Heav'n-like, self-dependent, Vigour shows,
 And gives, not takes, what Power from Number
 flows.

DIVINELY stor'd with Views, and rich in
 Schemes,
 For loading Fame, with everlasting Themes,
 With Glories He enamels o'er a Land,
 Which almost ow'd Distinction to his Hand.

FROM

*Illustre ingenium! dignum cui sceptrā gerendā
 Credantur, populiq; salus! sic thure Sabæo
 Munera commutant sua Dî, sortemq; beatam!
 Sic Russus Dux ipse, Dei quantum instar in illo!
 Dona suis cumulat Subjectis; Quanta potestas
 Machinæ inest vastæ, cui talia pondera cedant!
 Ingens Naturæ miraculum! limite nullo
 Cui patet imperium constrictum, atq; undiq; tendit
 Latè per gentes numerosas; Qui nec honores
 Æstimat ex spatijs, queis se confinia pandunt,
 Extentis, vires nec pronis millibus ille
 Rettulit acceptas; Verùm se pendet ab ipso,
 Sufficit atq; sibi, magni ceu Rector olympi,
 Datq; potestatem numeris, non sumit ab illis.*

*Altè consilijs auctus, fecundus & ausum,
 Quæ Famam æternis onerabunt Argumentis,
 Immensam immenso terram insignivit honore,
 Quæ, nisi ferret opem præsens, vix ante notanda:
 Tractibus*

FROM frozen Climes, where Nature stiff with
Cold,
Nourish'd no Hope, and, without Joy, grew old;
Warm'd by the Monarch's Worth, we rising saw
A Spring of Virtue, and a Bloom of Law:

DOUBLY supreme, this Prince, with wide Con-
troul,
Directs the Body, and empowers the Soul;
While common Kings their Views, supinely scan,
And measure, what they *will*, by what they *can*,
Thou dost, at once, with over-pow'ring sway,
Command, and make Men able to obey;

TRANSPORTING Thought! Let me indulge
thee long!
Thou shew'st what Cause makes Crowns, and
Kingdoms strong!

*Traëtibus à gelidis, quibus horrens frigore nullam
Spem Natura dedit, tristis traxitq; senectam;
Vidimus hic virtute Ducis revirescere primum
Ver meriti, & leges penitus florere salubres:*

*Nobilis hic Princeps, geminâ ratione supremus,
Dirigit & corpus, vires animæq; ministrat;
Dum sua lentò alij reges molimina scandunt,
Et claudum imperium mutilatâ mente sequuntur:
Tu regis, omnipotens veluti, nam sic regis omnes,
Ut, quæcunq; velis, facias parere potentes.*

*Quantum ô corripior! tacitâ dum mente revolve
Hoc! ô, longa animum teneat mora! Discere
possunt*

Ex te, quæ reges commendet gratia, regis &

E

Firmet!

No more, by civil Broils, let Nations bleed,
 For fancy'd Benefits, they do not need;
 Those Subjects the most glorious Freedom share,
 Whom *we* call Slaves, in such a Sovereign's Care;
 Slaves are low Wretches, who, deceiv'd by Names,
 Promote, unknowingly, their Spoiler's Aims;
 Who dream Rebellion makes a Nation free,
 And hug new Chains, mistook for Liberty;
 Till waking into Thought, they miss their Gain,
 And kick against some Fellow-Traytors Reign.

IF just *Athenians*, by their THESEUS led,
 THESEUS, who gave their scatter'd Limbs a Head:
 In lasting Praise embalm'd his cherish'd Fame,
 When nought of his was left 'em, but his Name;
 If wise LYCURGUS is immortal grown,
 He, whom *Laconia* proudly call'd her own;

Whole

*Firmet! Ne pereant gentes civilibus armis
 Ulterius, rubri madeant nec sanguine campi,
 Ob bona ficta sibi, quæ nullus postulat usus:
 Hi populi rerum supremo jure fruuntur,
 Quos ferimus servos, tanti sub amore regentis.
 Pessima servorum sors est, miserandaq; multum,
 Quos falsum toties fallit sub imagine veri,
 Atq; tenent, rerum ignari, complexibus arctis,
 Hostes, Raptoresq; suos, renturq; tumultus
 Insanos genti dare libera jura, novasq;
 Fallaci appendunt pro libertate catenas;
 Dum tandem exciti somno, tristiq; veterno,
 Spes fovisse leves cernunt se, mente resectâ,
 Et socij insurgunt cujusdam in sceptrâ rebellis.*

*Attica si proles, quos duxit Theseus ingens,
 Theseus, qui sparsos Populi collegerat artus,
 Illus famam foverunt laude perenni,
 Cùm nihil est illis reliquum, nisi nominis umbra;*

Whose worship'd Ghost kept living Pow'r in awe,
 And gave a long Descent of Hero's Law;
 It *Remulus* lives glorious to this Day,
 For pointing out to *Rome* her future Way;
 For calling Courage in, from private Harms,
 To mightier Mischief, in united Arms;
 What Praise, prodigious Prince! shall dare to tread
 In awful Circles, near thy Sacred Head!
 To whom not one small Portion, singly kneels,
 In Thanks, for sep'rate Benefits, it feels,
 But Nations, numberless, as *Lybian* Sands,
 Adore the Bounties of thy reaching Hands;
 Thy Hands, to whom, delighted with thy Praise,
 God gave not Lands to govern, but to raise:

New-blown Ambition fires each Northern Soul,
 And thaws the icy Influence of the Pole;
 The shaggy *Sampid*, shaking off his Snow,
 Warm's his cold Breast, with new Desire to know:

The

*Si circumspecti fama est æterna Lycurgi,
 Quem vel Sparta suum fastu tumefacta vocavit;
 Cui Manes cultos metuēbat viva Potestas;
 Qui dedit Heroum generi fas juraq; longo;
 Romulus & vivit si jam post funera notus,
 Gloriæ iter Romæ quid primò ostenderit altæ,
 Ad majora vocans privato à Marte Quirites,
 Pugnantēsq; animos ad publica commoda regni;
 Ecquæ laus poterit dignè exæquare canendo
 Facta tua, ô Princeps, quem admirans obstupet Orbis!
 Non modò tu gratæ regionis partibus unis
 Accumulas bona, sed regnis, dum spargis ubiq;
 Munera, quæ superent Lybiæ vel pinguis arenas;
 Non tibi Rex superum, qui vestro indulgit honori,
 Terras regnandas, verum dedit attollendas;*

*Ambitio Borealem animam norca suscitât omnem,
 Solvit & Arcturi glacialis frigus iniquum;
 Aspri Samoidæ, excusso squalore veterni,
 Pectora inardescunt magno fervore sciendi;*

Torvi

The rugged *Tartars*, from whose swarthy Bands,
 A Gloom of Horror us'd to shade thy Lands,
 Charm'd with thy Virtues, bow before thy Throne,
 Assume new Natures, and fix'd Dwellings own;
 New Beams of Learning, active, as the Wind,
 Now first break out, and light up half Mankind;
 Dark Superstition, like a Mist, dispell'd,
 Quits a Dominion, thro' long Ages held;
 And *Russian* Arms a glittering Terror cast
 O'er Lands, where scarce the *Russian* Name has
 past.

Shame on the Bards of our degenerate Days,
 Who prostitute to Gain, their sullied Lays;
 Who think it needless for a Muse to roam,
 And, poorly, place their whole Regard at Home;
 The World's my Country; Born no matter where,
 Man is a Denizen of Earth and Air;
 The Just, who, in full Light, all Merit show,
 Love e'en the hostile Virtues of a Foe.

Weak

*Torvi Sauromatae qui vestram involvere terram
 Sunt soliti horrorem umbris, fuscisq; cateruis,
 Te Dominum, tantâ capti virtute, fatentur,
 Et sumunt fixas versis cum moribus aedes
 Jam nova, nubifugus ceu venter, lumina primùm
 Doctrinae erumpunt, radios mediumq; per orbem
 Effundunt, animis tenebras pellentia crassis;
 Ceca Superstitio, sicut vapor humidus, aëta,
 Deserit imperium, longum servata per ævum;
 Horribilemq; arma incutiunt Russæa timorem,
 Per terras, ubi Russarum vix nomen adibat.*

*Degeneres cumulent æterna opprobria Vates,
 Turpia qui fædo prosternunt carmina lucro,
 Temporibus nostris; Qui Musam errare per oras
 Non fas externas ducunt, & finibus omnes
 Impendant patrijs curas; Mibi patria totus
 Est orbis, multum nec, quâ regione referre
 Æstimo, nascatur quisquam, telluris, & auræ.
 Est immunis homo; Justî, qui luce patenti
 Ostendunt meritum, gaudent vel honoribus hostis.
Languida*

Weak, with Astonishment, my Verse pursues,
 And flags, beneath this tow'ring Prince's Views;
 Where are the lost Effects of Statesmen's Wiles,
 Whose Ill-schem'd Policy the World beguiles?
 How have they vainly beat one devious Road,
 And sigh'd at growing *France*, with false Forebode;
 While, unobserv'd, th' exulting Northern Bear
 Grinn'd over universal Empire, there.

Thence sudden Fleets have shadow'd distant Seas,
 With Power Self-rais'd; and scorning slow Degrees;
 At Pleasure, they descend on every Shore,
 And starting Nations hear new Thunder-roar;
 The *Swede*, alarm'd, does Fortune's Change up-
 braid,
 And sees th' assaulted Enemy invade;
 Th' assisted *Dane* learns Jealousy, from Fear,
 And hates his Helpers Strength, display'd too near;

The

*Languida terribili torpet mea Musa stupore,
 Principis eximij non laudibus apta canendis,
 Quò cessere doli Procerum, qui publica curant?
 Consiliis quorum levis seducitur Orbis!
 Quàm legèrè eadem vestigia devia frustra,
 Et vano indicio Gallos doluère vigentes;
 Dùm super imperium Terræ ringentibus Ursa
 Faucibus exultat, non observata, Trionum.*

*Hinc maria umbrârunt subitæ longinqua carinae,
 Forte suâ stantes, indignantesq; morarum;
 Ad libitum, quasçunq; velint, labuntur ad oras,
 Attonitasq; metu gentes novâ fulmina terrent;
 Suecia fortunam objurgat, dudûm alta, cadentem,
 Et videt aggressos, modo quos invaserat, hostes,
 Fidere vix audet Danus auxiliaribus armis,
 Nec probat & vires conjunctas fœdere, tensas*

The furrow'd *Baltick*, a third Lord obeys,
And to strange Keels, unwilling Homage pays;

THE Virgin *Caspian*, this bold Lover woes,
Nor vainly for her envy'd Favour sues;
Already won, she has her Love confess'd,
And giv'n him leave to wander o'er her Breast;
Persia's heap'd Wealth, will her huge Portion be,
And Eastern Kings shall give her Lord the Knee:

A Rival Pow'r, in naval Struggle try'd,
And stretch'd along the stormy *Euxine's* Side,
Has taught the Porte's imperious Walls to shake,
And shall the *Sultan's* Iron Scepter break;
Grecia's lost Fame shall be restor'd by Thee,
O Monarch, doom'd to set an Empire free!
Yok'd *Hellepont*, whose Stream submissive glides,
Indignant, and a conquer'd World divides;

Shall

*Tam propè, jam triplici Balthis Sulcata Magistro,
Paret, & externis servire coacta carinis.*

*Caspida virgineam, metuens nul'am ille repulsam,
Ambit, & invisus successus vota coronat;
Jampridem devicta suos agnovit amores,
Et dedit huic veniam super intima corda vagandi,
Persidos aggestis opibus dotabitur altæ,
Illius & Domino à Dominis flectetur Eöis.*

*Æmula vis ingens, bello spectata marino,
Euxiniq; freti resonas extensa per oras,
Intremere edocuit jaclata Palatia Turcæ,
Ferreæq; immitis rescindet sceptrâ Tyranni;
Fama vetus miseris per te reddetur Achivis,
O Dux! imperium natus dissolvere vinclis!
Compede vinctum Helles pelagus, quod supplice cursu
Labitur indignans, & victum dividit orbem,*

Shall see, while thence thy bursting Thunder roars,
Europe, and *Asia*, trembling to her Shores;
 Thence may the floating Towers, which boast thy
 Sway,
 New-greet their *Russia*, by an untry'd way.

WHILE, thus, thy awful Power more awful
 grows,
 They swell thy Glory, who thy Aims oppose;
 The self-priz'd Lords of *China's* boasted Land,
 Feel their Pride faint, beneath thy pow'rful Hand;
 The trackless Wafts, which both vast States divide,
 Are Yearly, e'en when arm'd with Winter, try'd;
 O'er Realms of Snow, thy fearless Sleds can fly,
 And bring, at Ease, the dreadful Distance nigh;
 In vain, oppos'd, their long fam'd Wall they see,
 It keeps them *in*, but cannot keep out *Thee*.

Zembla's

*Noverit hoc pelagus, dum illinc tua fulmina rum-
punt,*

Europamq; Asiamq; ad littora leta tremantes;

Turrigerae naves hinc, quæ tua numina jaçant,

Littora non solito cursu sua Russia saluent.

*Dum patet immensum tua sic metuenda po-
testas.*

Quò magis obstat, magis hoc tua gloria crescit.

Quos jaçant Dominos jaçadas China per oras,

Numine sub tanto languent, fastumq; remittunt,

Invia Deserta, has vastas dirimentia gentes,

Tentantur, gelidis cum vel rigere pruinis,

Per magnos nivium tractus impune quotannis

Arte tuâ volitant Trabeæ, & longinqua viarum

Corripiunt spatia; oppositi sua mœnia spectant

Incasum, quæ fama diu jaçtaverat, illos

Includunt, verum te non excludere possunt.

ZEMBLA's high Cliffs, eternal Hills of Frost!
 Where proud Discovery has to our been lost;
 Thro' all the Ages of the World, till now,
 Have check'd the Keels, that would those Oceans
 plow;
 Like Nature's Barriers, they all Search withstood,
 And bound Ambition up in freezing Blood;
 Reserv'd by Fate, and for thy Reign design'd,
 Thy piercing Eye, shall the wish'd Passage find,
 Or, to the Western World, the Eastern join,
 And see the Profit, and the Glory thine.

STOP Head-strong Muse, and e'er we farther go,
 Look down with Caution on the Depth below;
 Prospects so vast, the rash Approacher fright,
 And, daz'ling, wound the uncollected Sight;
 Congratulate; a while, the promis'd Gain,
 And, with some Joy, relax thy wonder's Strain.

SHALL

*Zembla gelu æterno, glacieq; obtecta rigenti,
 Exploratores avidi quàm sepe peribant,
 Obstitit innumris per sæcula longa carinis,
 Illas difficiles fulcare volentibus undas;
 Usq; omnes aditus, naturæ ut claustra, negavit,
 Atq; sitim famæ violento frigore strinxit;
 Fata reservarunt fauces tibi, sceptrâ tenenti,
 Tuq; vel optatos aditus dabis esse patentes,
 Usq; vel Eois adjunges Vesperis oras,
 Atq; tibi fructum, æternumq; tenebis honorem.*

*Præcipitem jam Musa gradum compesce, prius-
 quàm
 Altius instituamus iter, vallesq; jacentes
 Subiectas metire animo, terroribus implent
 Quæ nimis audentes, stringunt oculosq; tumentum,
 Non bene collecti lædentes spicula visûs;
 Paulisper recreet mentem tibi copia cornu
 Largâ indulta manu, & miracula ingentia cessent.
 Scilicet*

SHALL then, at last, beneath propitious Skies,
 The Cross, triumphant, o'er the Crescent rise!
 Shall we behold Earth's long-sustain'd Disgrace,
 Reveng'd in Arms, on *Osman's* haughty Race!
 Shall modern *Greece* shake off a Captive's Shame,
 And look, unblushing, at her ancient Fame;
 Shall Orphans cease, in vain, lost Bliss to know,
 And curse the thriving Authors of their Woe?
 Shall Widows, old in Chains, their Offspring save,
 And weep, lamented, o'er their Husbands Grave;
 'Twill be! Prophetick *Greece* rethopes her own,
 And hails her CÆSAR, on the RUSSIAN Throne!
Athens again shall teach; *Corinth* aspire,
 And *Theban* Breasts glow, with rekindling Fire,
 Once more *Byzantium*, destin'd long to shine,
 Shall rear the ruin'd Name of *Constantine*.

TRAN:

Scilicet auspicijs cæli jam deniq; faustis,
Aurea Crux vincet crescentis cornua Lunæ !
Nos genus Osmani spectabimus omne superbum,
Debellatum armis, ab longa opprobria Terræ!
Græciaq; perrumpet gravidas hodierna catenas,
Restituetq; sibi famam reditura priorem ;
Frustrâ Orbi cessent sua gaudia missa videre,
Autoresq; mali cessent sacrare vigentes ;
Eripiunt natos viduæ, sub vincula aniles,
Et deploratæ flebunt ad busta virorum !
Fata volent ! sua vaticinans spe concipit Argos,
Cæsari & in Russum solium mirata sedenti
Applaudit ; Rursùm veniet sua Gloria Athenis,
Eriget atq; caput rursùm celebrata Corinthus,
Pectoraq; ardebunt flammis Thebana refotis :
Urbs Byzantî etiam, decreta nitescere longum,
Constantini iterum veterem attollat honorem.

TRANSCENDANT Prince! How happy must
Thou be!

What canst thou look upon, unblest'd by Thee!
What inward Peace must thy brave Bosom know,
Whence conscious Virtues do so strongly flow!
The Toil of Ages past, in Ruins, lies,
How well-tim'd therefore, does thy Greatness rise;
To show how swiftly destin'd Glory climbs,
And build Examples for succeeding Times.

SUCH are the Kings, who make God's Image
shine,

And justly dare assert their Right Divine;
No Earth-born Love of Rapine whets their Will,
Or tempts their Power, nnhostile Blood to spill;
But mindful, with what Hope wise Men obey,
They shew'r down Comforts from their gentle
Sway.

To raise the Humble, they extend their Hand,
And chase Oppression from their rescued Land;

With

*O longè ante omnes Princeps! Quâ sorte bearis
 Letà! Quid cernis, quod non facis ipse beatum!
 Quanta tibi pax interior! Quæ gaudia mentem
 Pertinent tacitam, dùm tanto flumine virtus
 Sincero de corde fluit! submersa ruinis
 Cura jacet Patrum, labor immensusq; priorum;
 Quàm matura igitur surgit tua gloria! Quippe
 Quæ doceat subito addictæ conscendere famæ
 Culmen, & exemplum venturis condere sæclis.*

*Tales sunt Reges, quibus exardescit imago
 Vera Dei, qui sacra audent sua jura tueri;
 Nulla acuit mentes prædæ scelerata libido,
 Sollicitat-ve animos civilem haurire cruorem;
 Sed non immemores, quâ de ratione sequuntur
 Jussa viri, quibus est mentis prudentia solers,
 Ipsi de imperio leni solatia fundunt;
 Ut tollant humiles, extendunt brachia, iniquas
 Prædonumq; abigunt vires de gente redemptâ;
 Hæc cognoscunt, gladij cum usu*

With well-weigh'd Justice, they both sheath and
draw

The Sword of Battle, and the Sword of Law ;
Skill'd in the means, they never miss their End,
But govern cool, what they, with Warmth, defend.

How blest were Man, wou'd Heaven hereafter
please,

That all Earth's Princes should be form'd, like These!

Wish it, O Muse, how'er the Wish be vain,

It gives some Joy to hope th' unlikely'st Gain :

Let me, at least, the fancy'd Change create,

And hug the Prospect of a Bliss too great :

Say, Muse ; what Happiness from thence might
flow?

And what Improvement wou'd blind Fortune
know?

WERE such the happy State of Nations made,
No silent Modesty wou'd Merit shade ;

The Rays of Honour, scatter'd wide about,

Wou'd reach to Virtue, or enquire her out :

Distrestful

*Est opus, & Themidis iustum exercere Tribunal:
Prudentesq; modi, fineri, quicumq; statutus,
Attingunt, mitesq; regunt, quæ ardore tuentur:*

*Quàm leta humano generi concessa fuisse
Sors, si sic omnes regerent, sacra sceptrā tenentes.
In votis hoc sit, mea musa, & fuvile votum
Sit licet! oblectat spes vel vanissima lucri!
Prospectus juvat ipse boni, serisq; placentes
Arrident raptō, dū talia pectore fingo:
Dic Dea! Ut hinc placido fluereut mortalia cursu?
Quantū & fortune cecæ foret utile, scire hoc?*

*Talis conditio lætis si gentibus esset,
Nullus obumbraret Meritum pudor ore suū,
Splendentes Decoris radij, latè undiq; fusi,
Virtutis latebras reserarent, debita & illi
Dona ultro offerrent; Sortem indignatus acerbam
Quisq; foret miseris tutamen cognitus, ipse*

Distressful Innocence would Shelter find,
 And Sense of Misery make the mighty kind;
 A faithful Minister each Post wou'd fill,
 Not rais'd by Faction, but preferr'd for Skill;
 The Judge's Bench, by Justice, crown'd with Awe
 Wou'd break that Bulk of Form, which blunts
 the Law:
 Wou'd, from Oppression, cleanse the Road to Right,
 And clear the Films of Brib'ry, from Men's Sight:
 Truth, always own'd, wou'd need no Help from
 Power,
 Nor rich Men's Wills, the poor Man's Wants de-
 vour;
 Distinguish'd Distribution wou'd arise,
 And, to deserve, wou'd be to win the Prize.

THOU *Russian* Star! That makes the Pole out-
 shine

The torrid Brightness of the burning Line!
 Drawn by thy beamy Force, I still wou'd gaze,
 But my Eyes ake, beneath th' oppressive Blaze;
 De-

Sensusq; ærumnae mollescit corda potentum;
Præfectum Officio foret omni cernere fidum,
Qui Merito evectus, non Partibus esset ad alta;
Curia Justitiæ, Quæstoribus aucta verendis,
Non sineret Legum perplexa volumina causas
Protrahere, at callem Recti daret esse patentem,
Et repetundarum nubes dispelleret atras:
Non ope magnorum Veri lux nuda careret,
Nec, quo pauper eget, dives sorberet in alvum,
Sparsa forent aptè passim sua cuiq; merenti,
Et palmam, meruisse, foret palmaria ferre.

Tu Ruffum Sidus! borealibus addite terris
Gloria! torrentes condunt tua lumina stellas,
Quas tenet Equator nimio intolerabilis æstu;
Tantis attractus radijs, affigere vellem
Longo obtutu oculos, jubar immortale bibentes,
Sed perstringentem flammam tolerare recuso:
Musa grædum referas, audax jam desere ceptum,
Ne trahat in certam te lapsus forte ruinam.

Siste

Descend rash Mule ! From the bold Theme retire;
Thy Fall were dang'rous, if thy Flight were higher.

FORBEAR, great Prince ! nor, with such swift-
ness blefs !

Shook, by our Fears, we wish thy Merit less :
Say, what new Heights were left for Thee to try,
If, as thy Fame, thy Body cou'd not die ?

And Heaven will scarce thy now-mourn'd Absence
bear,

When Earth yields no new Labour, worth thy
Care :

But while, amaz'd, thy Miracles we trace,
Teach us, where first, we shou'd our Wonder place ;
Hard the Decision ! which most Honour won,
Thy Actions, or the Speed, with which they're
done !

When *Rome*, that glitt'ring, that immortal Name,
Aspir'd to Rule, and panted after Fame,
Age, copying Age, strove with progressive Will,
To push the same Design, with equal Skill ;

And

*Siste ingens Princeps ! immensa cupido beandi
 Esto moræ patiens ! fractis terrore minores
 Sufficerent animi dotes ; Nova culmina honorum
 Quæ tentanda forent tibi, dic, sors corporis esset,
 Æmula si famæ, nec pars terrena subiret
 Mortem ; Rex superùm & jam te mortalibus oris
 Invidet, ulterius nullum cùm Terra laborem
 Te dignum ostendet : Sed dùm tua facta stupemus
 Digna Deo, doceas primùm bonus, unde trahamus
 Principium famæ, & magnarum exordia laudum ;
 Dicere difficile est, magis an sint gesta stupenda,
 An quàm gesta brevi sint tempore, durus uterq;
 Est labor ! Æternæ cùm primùm gloria Romæ
 Crevit in immensum, una Urbs atq; orbis habenas
 Affectavit ovans, famæq; exarsit amore ;
 Secula certabant, imitantia sæcla priora,
 Quæ cælo aquarent similes incæpta per artes ;
 Præteritisq; octo centum volventibus annis,
 Auspicijs tandem arrisit fortuna secundis :*

And when eight hundred lab'ring Years were past
 The late propitious Fortune smil'd at last;
 Not such slow Rise, O Prince, thy RUSSIA fears,
 Thou see'st not Glory, thro' such Depth of Years;
 At once resolv'd, at once the Columns rise,
 Which lift thy dreadful Fabrick to the Skies:
 Form, and Degrees, let earthy Spirits need,
 Thy Soul, excentric, moves with inbred Speed:
 Makes Nature shake, and raises in a Day,
 What, with less Ease, in Ages, shall decay:

So when young Time, in Chains, Existence kept,
 And huddled Nature in dark Chaos slept;
 Th' Eternal Word, to set Distinction free,
 But spoke th' Almighty *Fiat* ——— *Let there be:*
 Millions of Ways, the starting Atoms flew,
 Like clung to Like, and sudden Order grew;
 Strugg'ling in Clouds, a while Confusion lay,
 Then dy'd at Once, and lost itself in Day:

The E N D.

*Non tali Ruffum tardo molimine, Princeps,
 Imperium crefcit, per tot fpatia ampla, tueris
 Non Decus, amorum; Te juffa ferente, columnæ
 Immanes furgunt, fummoq; minantur Olympo:
 Abjeâis in terram animis fuit forma, gradusq;
 Cura gravis, major tibi mens eft, aufpice cælo,
 Ipfa parens Natura ftupet, dùm tollis in unâ
 Luce, quid innumeris Tempus non atteret ævis.*

*Sic cùm prima Ætas vinclis conftriâta tenebat
 Omnia, & in gremio Noctis Chaos indigeflum
 Torpuit, Omnipotens verbum Patris excidit ore
 Non prius æterni, quàm omni fua forma manebat;
 Emicuere vias Atomi per mille fugaces,
 Involvere pares feſe complexibus arctis,
 Et subito emerſit rerum pulcherrimus Ordo;
 Res paulum obluctans nebulis confuſa jacebat,
 Tùm moriens, ſeſe perdebat luce patenti.*

1833

Received of the
Honble the Secy of the
Treasury
the sum of
Five hundred and
thirty three
dollars and
no cents
for
the purchase of
land
for the
use of the
Army
at
Fort
Mifflin
Penn
this
1st day of
March
1833
J. M. Smith
Agent

1833

